Alas, I’m Still Here

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> *There’s always this feeling. The feeling that is most incomprehensible. The kind of feeling where you keep searching for what is unsearchable. What had lost and could never be found. A precarious, and an indefinite regions, that you always longing but you could never have. Floating in-between this sense of time. Grasping nothing but an empty space. An ambiguous force that keeps wanting you back down to its utter depth, concerning nothing but your own existence. What is this malady?*
>
> *—Tida*

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